12 pamphls

THE PASSION

Of our Blessed

Lord and Saviour

Jesus Christ;

OR,

CRYES OF THE Son of GOD.

Digested from the Works of the late Reverend Dr. *Horneck*, and others.

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The Love of a dying Saviour to a penitent Soul.

[*Soul*,]

WHat makes this doleful ſound *El'i !*
El'i ! Lamaſabachthani ?
What makes the Temple tott'ring ſhake ?
What is it makes the Earth to quake ?
Jeſus] 'Tis I poor Soul, that's lifted up,
To drink my Father's *bitter Cup !*
'Tis I muſt dye the death o' th' Slave,
From Sin and Hell thy Soul to Save !
Look ? See how I am *Crucify'd* !
Behold, I'm *pierced* thro' the *Side* !
My tender *Head* with *Thorns is Crown'd*,
And with vile *Jews* encompaſt round :
Whil'ſt dry'd with grief's my tender Throat,
And Souldiers for my *ſeamleſs Coat*
Caſt Lots,--- Father ! Thy Will be done
Forſak'ſt thou, why ? thine only Son !
See Sinner ! ſee my Hands are Nail'd !
My trickling Side ! and Legs exhal'd
From Nature's length ! *Canſt thou believe ?*
Do, and thou ſhalt mercy receive.
Soul.] Ah, Lord, my trembling Soul relents.
And with each Faculty Repents :
Lord, I believe ! my *Unbelief*
Help thou ? and with the bleſſed *Thief*.
Afford me Mercy, *Lord !* That I
May dwell with thee t' Eternity.
And ſince 'tis ſo, to thee I'll bring
Whole *Hecatombs* of Praiſe-Off'ring.

The PASSION
Of our blessed Lord and Saviour
JESUS CHRIST.
Or, Cryes of the
SON of GOD.

AH, my Soul, what anxious thoughts disturb thy Peace? Why art thou cast down? And why art thou disquieted within me? Is there no ground of hope left to cast the Anchor of thy Faith upon? Drop on holy Jesus, who will uphold and sustain thee! Ah, but where is he, I cannot find him? Nay tho' I have searcht the City thro', yet I hear no tidings of him

Arise, O my Soul, come let's up once more and make enquiry? Perhaps he hath laid himself down to sleep till the Morning break: Watchmen! Watchmen! Did you see my Beloved go this way? Tell me, tell me quickly, for my Soul hath long desired to speak with him, and my Heart thirsteth after my Love, my Dove, and my undefiled one!

The contrite Heart of a humble Soul falleth in Love with the Excellency of Christ, and thirsteth after him.

Who is your Beloved, that we cannot but take Notice of him? I pray now, *What is your Beloved more than another?* Oh, my Beloved is a *Bundle of Myrrh*, like a *Cluſter* of *Camphire*, in the *Vineyard* of *Engidi*! My Beloved is *Fair* having *Dove's Eyes*, and is the chiefeſt among ten thouſand! Oh that I had my Beloved, I would not let him go, but he ſhould lye all night betwixt my Breaſts! Therefore tell me quickly, good Watchmen, that I may find him whom my Soul longeth for. Why, truly, thou ſeemeſt to be much Troubled, and we pity thee; we muſt confeſs a rude multitude run this way, with Clubs, Staves, and Halberds, and a Candle and Lanthorn, whiſpering as they went; but we know not what they ſaid or meant; but this we over-heard them ſay; *He's in the Garden of Gethſemane.* Ay, and are you ſure they ſaid ſo? Then my Beloved is there, I would follow hard after, leſt the Rable find him whom my Soul loves. Hark! Hark! O my Soul, methinks I hear his Voice, moſt bitterly crying out; Lord where art thou? What are they doing to thee; O my Soul, run to his Relief! Ay, but whither! 'tis Dark, and the Voice comes from far, and I know not the way! Oh, good

The anſwer of all Carnal Profeſſors

good Watchmen, pray now lead me, tell me, or ſhow me the way...we cannot go from our Bounds, nor will we ,ro ſeek out we know not who, but keep on this Road, which leads to the Garden of *Gethſemane*, and you'll find him we believe: Well, I will hye away as faſt as I can.

What, Lord, have I found thee, overflowed in Bloody Sweat, pleading with thy Father? Doth the heavy load of grief o'erwhelm thy Heart? Canſt not ſpeak, my dear Lord? *The Soul finds its Saviour praying and Sweating in the Garden.*

Why ſo ſad? O holv Jeſus! Who hath injur'd my Love? What no comfort yet? Speak, Lord, ſpeak I pray thee, leſt I faint for lack of one word proceeding from thy precious Lips to my drooping Soul!

Behold, Sinner! See what I am now doing for thee! Behold, every Faculty and Power of my Body and Soul is almoſt ſpent in wreſtling with my Father for thy Salvation; but his Wrath is great, and be my Paſſion never ſo great, yet nothing will do, nothing will ſuffice, but my Life; the *Cup* muſt not *paſs from* me, my Father's Will muſt be done, and I am ready it ſhould be *Chriſt expreſſeth his Redeeming Love to a truly penitent Soul.*

be ſo: And I the Lord of Life am willing to ſtoop to Death, Hell and the Grave, to free thee from the wrath of an angry God! Look, behold the Hour is come wherein I muſt be betrayed: Gentlemen, who d'ye want? My Name is *Jeſus* of *Nazareth*, d'ye ſeek me? Hark ye, you have a ſign whereby you know the Perſon you want! Come, Kiſs me *Judas*, for lo, I long till all is fulfill'd! O my dear God, what ſhall I do? I will go along with thee: Lord, whereſoever thou art, there let me be alſo! O wicked Souldiers forbear, what draw your Swords! Lord, I fear they'll kill thee! What, *Judas*, haſt thou no remorſe of Conſcience? What betray thine own Lord and Maſter, the Lamb of God who ſuffer'd thee to Eat and Drink with him at his ſacred Table! Why didſt thou Sell him? Thou wantedſt not Money, for thou waſt thy Maſter's Purſe bearer, and had all at diſpoſe: O Covetous *Judas*, for the Lucre of Money thou haſt ſold to Rebels thy bleſſed Jeſus; ay, and thine own ſalvation too! Better had it been for thee if thou never was born! And O thou *Malchus*, canſt thou not believe this is the Lord of Life, the King of *Iſrael*, the Son of God, ſince thine Ear is healed but at the ſtretching out of his Hand? O Lord Jeſus, ſtretch forth thy Hand, and put thy

thy finger of Mercy into my Soul, thro' the Key-hole of my Heart, that I may be healed of all my ſins and infirmities! *Lord, if thou wilt, thou canſt make me clean,*-- Ah, Souldiers, where are ye haling Jeſus? *Peter*, wilt thou not go along with thy Maſter? What ſtand off, in order to deny him! Oh come, let us follow hard after him; perhaps with our earneſt Cryes, and Entreats, we may perſwade them to let him go! Well *Peter*, if thou wilt go, I'll go by my ſelf: Oh bleſſed Jeſus, what art thou led as a Lamb to the ſlaughter! [*Here note by the way, That the Soul which would enjoy the Bleſſings of a Chriſt, muſt be contented to bear his Croſs*] Sure thou never didſt offend or Injure them in the leaſt; thou art all Meekneſs; who when Reviled, reviled not again! But, my dear *Lord*, where are we now? What vile Rebels, ſmite your Saviour, and ſpit in his Face like Bruits! Lord why doſt thou not caſt them off?

Peace ſilly Soul; know ye not that I have a *Baptiſm to be baptiz'd with? and O how I long till it is accompliſht!* *Chriſt ſpeaks.*

Thinkeſt thou not if I would reſiſt; I would pray to my Father, and he would give me more than Twelve Legions of Angels to reſcue me; but how then ſhould the Scriptures be

fulfilled

fulfill'd; and his Will be done? All this is nothing to what I muſt undergo for thy Salvation. Ah my dear God, my bleſſed Jeſus! let me participate of thy Afflictions; let me reſign up all with thee, who art King over all bleſſed for Ever. But bleſſed Jeſus, what *Hall* is this we are in? What! the *Judgement hall?* Sure Lord, their Feet are ſwift to ſhed Innocent Blood, and their Hearts thirſteth after Deſtruction! O, *Annas*! Thou High Prieſt, what, take Council againſt Jeſus of *Nazareth*! What, deliver out of the Treaſury the Thirty pieces of Silver to Curſed *Judas*, to betray his Maſter! Better hadſt thou delivered out of the Treaſury of thy Heart all thy evil Corruptions, and have implored mercy at his Feet. But now, O my Soul, attend unto their Proccedings againſt thy Lord; ſee how unmercifully they dealt with him. For firſt they carried him to *Annas*'s Houſe, hoping there to get Council againſt him; who finding the Witneſs were not fully agreed together, (for one ſaid this thing and another that and the Third quite Contrary) order them to have longer time to Confer together, that they might unanimouſly bring in their Accuſation aright; and for that end ſend 'em to *Caiphas* the High prieſt, who finding after Examination the Evidence not yet agreed,

was

was willing to releaſe him: Immediatly ruſhed into the Aſſembly many falſe Witneſſes, but not agreeing, it created a tumultous Uproar, when came in ſome who affirmed he raiſed *Lazarus* out of the Grave after he had been four days Dead, and began to ſtink; which miracle drew many of the *Jews* to believe on him: And this, ſaid they, we do not affirm only as report, but matter of Fact, for ſome of us both heard him ſay at the Graves mouth, *Lazarus come forth?* And he, preſently, as ſoon as the Priſoner had call'd for him, *came forth, bound Hands & Feet, with Grave cloaths about him, & a Napkin upon his Head.* Lo this we have both ſeen and heard, with many other things.

O my dear Lord, what is it they Witneſs againſt thee? Do they affirm thou raiſed *Lazarus* from the Grave? and what then, O ye faithleſs and perverſe Generation? Is it not Lawful to do good rather than Evil? Verily your Hearts are ſear'd as with an hot Iron, or elſe you would not act contrary to Law or Reaſon---And, O holy Jeſus, who raiſed up *Lazarus* to life, raiſe thou my Soul from out of this Grave of Sin, to live the life of Righteouſneſs.

--*Then the Chief Prieſts, and Elders, with the Scribes and Phariſes further conſulted, and ſaid, What do we? For this Man doth*

many

many Miracles, and if we let him thus alone, all Men will believe on him, and the Romans *will come and take away from us both our places and Nation* Ah, wretched *Jews*, how afraid are you of losing your Estates! And how fearful are you, least any should by chance venture on him and believe, seeing his Miracles! Oh monstrous blindness! Lord I will freely part with all for thy sake: ay, & let who will come, and take away this earthly Substance, yet Lord, I am content, so I may enjoy the Influence of thy blessed Spirit, which none can rob me of.--

But *Caiphas* said unto them, *Ye know nothing at all, nor consider that it is expedient for us, that one Man should dye for the People, and that the Nation perish not.* And this he spoke not of himself, but God order'd it so, that the Prophecy should come out of his own Mouth, to Condem him at the last Day: and so from that day forward, *they took Council to put him to Death*, John 11. 53.

But lo, all this would not accomplish their wicked Designs, when mad at Heart, they plot and contrive this Detestable and damnable Machination, to hire two impudent Souldiers, to come and swear against him in the High-Priest's Hall; and they with loud Voices, and Mouths cryed, saying

This

This Fellow ſaid I am able to deſtroy the Temple of God, and to raiſe it in three days. And ſo indeed he was, for he ſpoke nothing but the truth, meaning his Body, (as the Apoſtle *Paul* ſaith, *Our Bodies are the Temple of the Holy Ghoſt.*) And that in three days time he ſhould raiſe it from the Grave: But neither theſe two Fellows, nor his Judges had as yet *known the Scriptures, nor the Power of God.* Then ſaid the High-prieſt, *Is it true what theſe two witneſs againſt thee? But Jeſus held his Peace,* Then ſaid the High-prieſt, *I adjure thee by the living God, tell us whether thou art Chriſt, the Son of the living God?* And *Jeſus,* when it was put thus home to him, in theſe three great truths, *Art thou Chriſt, the Son, of the living God?* Anſwered, *I am.* Then the High prieſt rent his Cloaths, and ſaid, *What need we any further Witneſs againſt him? Ye have all heard now how he hath Blaſphemed; what think ye? And they all with one conſenting Voice, condemned him to be guilty of Death,* S. Matth. 26. 60. and S. Mark, 14. 58. *&c.*

Then they began to ſpit upon him, and to buffet him, and ſtrike him with the Palms of their Hands, reviling him as a ſeditious Fellow, blind-folding and ſmiting him on the Face, and ſaid unto him *Prophy-*

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cy now unto us thou Christ, who it is that smote thee. And at last finding they could not agree together as to the putting of Him to Death, and to pass sentence upon him, for they all acquiess'd in the just merits of his Condemnation; yet he must be first sent to *Pontius Pilat* their chief Governour.

And now, O my Soul, didst thou ever hear such arrogance, such envy and malice before? Could any imagine those Wretches Hearts should be thus hardned, who, void of any pitty and compassion, hunted and worried the Lord of Hosts from one place to another? Well might he say, *Foxes have holes, and the Birds of the Air have nests, but the Son of Man hath no where to lay his head.* O my Soul, doth it not make thee tremble to see thy God, thy Christ, thy King and Redeemer, haled by those rude Soldiers to Condemnation? Ah, my dear Jesus, what caused thee to descend from Heaven to Earth, to become man, and be born in an open Stable in such poverty and misery, but Love, pure Love, Cœlestial Love, thereby to give satisfaction to thy Father for all my heinous Sins committed against thy ever-blessed Majesty. O dear and wonderful Love! Lord, how shall I requite thy Labour! O never let me fall away from thee, nor thy Faith! But be sted-

ſtedfaſt to the end.---And happy are all they that (after they have denyed with *Peter* their Redeemer) find a door of mercy open to receive him again. Ah, *Peter*, doſt thou not remember thy Maſters words now? what, curſe and ſwear you know him not, when a little while before you ſaid, *Tho' I ſhould dye with thee, yet will I not deny thee*! O how haſt thou forgotten thy own promiſes and ingagements made to thy departing and dying Saviour! Now *Peter*, art thou not in the *Gall of Bitterneſs, and in the Bond of Iniquity*? Doth not the Arrows of the Almighty wound thy very Soul, now thou ſeeſt thou art fallen? Oh let him that ſtandeth be cautious, leſt he fall in the ſame manner as thou haſt done?

And now, O Soul, hark? What are they going to do? O dear Lord; O God, O precious Jeſus, what will nothing appeaſe the Tumult but thy Death? O *Pilate*, proceed not to Condemn thy Redeemer; rather ſuffer thy life to be torn in pieces by the Multitude.

And *Pilate ſeeing nothing would avail*, nor would they ſuffer him to be releas'd, after he was Scourg'd, Buffetted, ſmote with the Palms of their Hands, Spit upon, Reviled, Mockt and Hiſs'd at, with his Head crowned with ſharp thorny Prickles, which

like

like Needles pierc'd his tender Brain, dan cloathed with a Purple Robe. Nor would they admit of any Plea, but firſt crying out Releaſe unto us *Barabbas*, and Crucify this ſeditious fellow *Jeſus*: Away with him, away with him; I ſay, *Pilate* ſeeing the Uproar was great, he calls for Water, and waſhed his hands, ſaying, *I am innocent of the Blood of this just Perſon, ſee ye to it.*

Then anſwered all the People, *His*--Nay, but hold *Gentlemen*, (ſaith *Pilate*) Here your King ſtands, I have Examin'd him, and endeavour'd to intrap him in his Replies; and lo; *I find no Fault at all in him.* But they cried the more outragiouſly, *Crucify him, his Blood be upon us and our Children.* Then releaſed he *Barabbas* and ſcourging *Jeſus*, delivered him to them to be Crucified.--

Pilate Condemns Chriſt.

Ah, cruel *Pilate*! Who haſt thou Condemned? The Lord of Glory; the Son of God, and Redeemer of the World.

See yonder, how he is drag'd and haled away, from thee, ſtooping under the burthen of his Croſs, and his Feeble Legs Trembling by reaſon of it's weight; which, with the Duſt, Dirt, Crowd, Sweat, Blood, and lack

Jeſus drag'd cruelly to Execution.

lack of Sustenance to revive his Fatiegued drooping Spirits, is ready to sink; Canst thou look after him *Pilate*, and see all this, and thy Heart and Soul not faint and bleed? O Lord, let me bear thy Cross, let me take the burden off thy Shoulders, and lay it upon my own! O happy *Cyrenian*, that thou shouldst bear the Cross of Christ?

And after they had abused him and put many Indignities upon him, they led him towards *Golgotha*, to Crucify him, where they gave him Vinegar and Gall to drink; and when he had tasted thereof, he would not drink. And now, O blessed Jesus, what Eye can endure to see or behold thee? How with rude brawny Fists, and seared Hearts, they Force and Twist, Pull, Hale, and extend thy sacred Hands, that were always doing of good and healing Diseases, now a nailing to the Cross? What Heart cannot but mourn and lament bitterly, as not being able to behold thee? Surely, our very Souls must be prick'd, and even our hearts break within us, to see thy ever blessed Side pierced, springing out streams of blood. O holy Jesus, let that Fountain open for sin and uncleanness, run over my polluted Soul, that it may be washed and cleansed in the Laver of thy Righteousnes! Oh dismal, to see thy tender Feet extended and rackt, and

nailed

nailed to the Croſs, and think what agony and torment they now endure, that always kept the ſteady paths of thy God in the ready way to mans Salvation. And now, dear Jeſus, to ſee how, with uncontrolled ſeveriry, they pierce thy very hands and feet, and penetrat into thy very nerves and ſinews, not only forcing the ſacred Blood out of thy tender and delicate Veins, but ſqueeziug it out upon the very Croſs: and all this for me, O Lord, and for my great Sins, doſt thou endure this grievous torment and ſhed ſo many drops of Blood, crying out in the bitterneſs of his Soul, *Behold, and ſee if there be any Sorrows like my Sorrows!* O Lord, how am I able to ſee thee bleeding and groaning, and crying and dying for me. and not weep and mourn, and diſſolve Into tears and ſorrow? Oh, rather than my ſpent eys ſhould want tears of water, help my heart, O my God, to weep tears of blood. How can I forbear, O Lord, when I conſider every ſigh every groan, every cry, tear, every drop of Blood, every pang, every pain, every twitch, every convulſion, and every diſtortion that thou endureſt, are the products and effects of my Sin. O Lord, let never a minute be loſt, nor never a thought be ſpent in vain, now thou art dying and bleeding on the Croſs.

And

And now, O Holy Jesus, help my poor crippl'd Soul thro' the crowd, to lay it self down at the Foot of thy Cross to receive the drops of Blood as they come trickling down from thy wounds, upon my defiled Soul, that not one drop of thy precious Blood be spilt on the ground; or the sacred Liquor of eternal Life be wasted or lost.

O Lord, who is able to behold thee longer? O that I could bleed, dye, and pour out my Soul with thee! Oh, Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy Kingdom! Oh Lord, O Lamb of God, O Redeemer of the World hear me? Remember me now thou art giving up thy precious Life, and pouring out thy innocent, harmless, and compassionate Soul!

But stay, O blessed Jesus, what is it I perceive and see still in this black and dismal hour. O Lord, is it thee still in thy agony and bloody sweat? It is so dark, I can but just perceive thee. Is it not finisht yet? What sayest thou, my Lord, now to my poor fainting dying Soul. Speak Lord, speak: Good Lord speak one word of comfort to me, notwithstanding all thy Adversaries and implacable Enemies about thee. Wilt speak Lord? speak, for thy Servant heareth: speak Lord, and my Soul shall live: If thou art so faint thou canst not

ſpeak in this grievous conflict, let thy good Prophet *Iſaiah* ſpeak for thee.

Iſa. 50. 2. *Wherefore when I came was there no Man to help? When I call'd was there none to anſwer. Do you think I am paſt ſaveing you?*

Tho' you all forſake me in the Hour of my Crucifixion, yet I do not forſake you my Children, my Flock, and my poor Lambs, my Redeemed, and the purchas'd of my Soul. Is my hand ſhortned at all, tho' nailed to the Croſs, that I cannot Save, or that I cannot Redeem? Behold at my Rebuke I dry up the Sea, *&c.* And tho' dying on the Croſs, at this moment, make the Earth to ſhake, and it would tumble down to the Eternal Abyſs, but that I bear up the Pillars of it. Let the *Jews* have as mean & vile thoughts of me as they pleaſe, yet 'tis I that make the Rocks to rent, and the Sun to gather Paleneſs, and the Moon to turn into Blood. But to ſet at liberty the Purchaſed of my very Soul, I freely give my back to the Smiters, and my Cheeks to them that pluck off my Hair, *&c.* But my Soul, draw near, or elſe thou wilt loſe the ſight of thy Saviour, Darkneſs haſtens on a pace. O holy Jeſus, is it not thee? Let me wipe and drain my dim, and almoſt ſpent, and blind Eyes, and look again, Lord, it is thee: I ſtill perceive the

the Tears diſtiling down thy ſacred Face; thy Temples boyling out Spiritous Blood; thy Sacred Hands and Feet blubbring up, and venting out from behind the Nails, great Bladders of Blood and Froth, from the expulſive of thy moſt exquiſite Forments. What, from the ſixth, till almoſt the ninth Hour is my dear Saviour in the highth of this vehement Agony, and not over yet? What Sin am I guilty of that is not atton'd yet? That God is ſo incens'd at, and that he will not yet pardon? O quickly, quickly, quickly; help me, O my God, to find it out, that thou mayſt no longer be extorted and convuls'd in theſe grievous Torments. Look upon me Jeſus? One Glance ſweet Lord! What doſt look? O dear Lord, that caſt of thy languiſhing dying Eye, hath brought all to Remembrance! Lord I humbly reſign it all up, that thou mayeſt be delivered from the Torments and Bondage of Death, that my Soul may be ſaved thereby. O but Hark! hark, my Soul! What is it that ſounds thus in my Ears? I am ſure its no uſual cry: It muſt come from none but my tottur'd Redeemer: Silence! Hark! what is't? *Eloi! Eloi! Lamaſabacthani!* My God! my God! Why haſt thou forſaken me? O God! O Lord! O ever bleſſed Redeemer! O Saviour! O Son of God! O Lamb of God!

where

where ſhall I hide my ſelf from the wrath and dreadful Diſpleaſure of thy Father? If thou cry'ſt out ſo, what then can I do? If the Son of God cryes out ſo bitterly, what then muſt a poor vile wretched miſerable Sinner do? What, ſtill perſiſt, ye incredulous *Jews*? See the Lord of Life prays for you: Father forgive them, for they know not what they do. O do you begin to have ſome remorſe? Doth your Conſciences ſmite ye, and compel you to cry out, ſurely this is the Son of God. Can't ye find in your Hearts to take him down, before his laſt Breath expires? Behold his Arms ſtretched out a long time to embrace Sinners, and now he bows his head to kiſs them: O Lord, one Luſcious Kiſs before thou giveſt up the Ghoſt. And when Jeſus had cryed with a loud Voice, he ſaid, Father, into thy Hands I commend my Spirit; and having ſaid thus, he gave up the Ghoſt.

Ah, my Soul, where is thy Redeemer gone! Behold, here hangs his Body beſmear'd over with Blood? With skin all torn, with knubs and whales of ſtripes, hanging down his head, crowned with a garland of thorns, pricking through his ſcull to the tender brain, and nailed to a Croſs; what ſo hainous a fault could he do to deſerve it? What Judge could be ſo cruel to put him to it?

What

What Man could have ſo butcherly a mind, as to deal ſo outragiouſly with him?

O dear Love, where art thou? Thou art the comfort of my Heart, the ſolace of my Mind, the true content and only joy of my afflicted Soul; O where are thou to be found? Let me but know, and thither ſpeedily I will go; for where thou art, there is all treaſure, true peace, true reſt, and all happineſs to be had; O how ſhall I find thee! O when ſhall I find thee; O dear Love when ſhall I requite thy labour; how ſhall I be able to requite thy woful pain and death for me? O how ſhall I do ſomewhat acceptable and grateful unto thee, who haſt been ſo loving and beneficial unto me.

O how ſhall I ſubſiſt without my Life, or live without my Love! Thou art my Life, and Love, and it is worſe than Death to me, here to Love and Live, and not in thee. O Love divine, ſhew now thy Power, and carry me beyond my ſelf! O endleſs Light, illuminate my underſtanding? to know and ſee, what, and where thou art, O burning Fire of endleſs Flames of Love, conſume me quite, and let me be no more what yet I am, but transform me to be ſomewhat like thy ſweet ſelf, that I may live in thee, both here, and to all Eternity!

Ah, thou, that excelleſt all the Children

of

of men in Beauty; in whoſe *Lips* Grace was ſhed moſt plentifully, yea, even with God's own Hand, where is that Beauty of thine? Where is that Grace of thy *Lips*? I find it not, I ſee it not: Fleſhly eys conceive not ſo great a Myſtery! Open thou the Eyes of my Mind, bring thy divine *Light* nearer unto me, and give me Power to look more widely upon thee.

I ſee it is Jeſus, the Son of God, the Unſpoted *Lamb*, without Sin, without Fault, without Offence, which took my wickedneſs upon him, to the intent that I (being ſet free from Sin) might be brought again into Gods Favour; riſe again from my Fall; return home from Baniſhment; and attain to the End for which I was Created. That which I Deſerved, He Suffered, and that which I could never Attain unto, He freely giveth.

O my Redeemer, Delive-er, and Saviour, draw me to thee, that (being always mindful of thy Death, truſting always in thy Goodneſs, and being always thankful for thine unſpeakable Benefites) I may be made partaker of ſo great Reward, and not be ſeparated from thy Body through mine own Unthankfulneſs, ſo as thou ſhouldſt have been Born in Vain, as in reſpect of me, and in Vain have ſuffered ſo many Torments, yea,

yea, and even moſt bitter and cruel Death, of thine own Accord, for my ſake.

And now, raiſe up thy head, O my Soul look up to Heaven, and behold the Glory of thy Crucified Saviour!

For, why ſhould my Heart ſtill dwell upon Earth, ſince the Treaſure thereof is return'd to Heaven, and ſince my glorified Jeſus is aſcended above, to prepare me a place in his own Kingdom.

O Heaven, to thee I lift up my Languiſhing Head, ſtretching out my trembling hands to reach at thy Glories.

For lo, He that was Dead, and laid in the Grave, low enough to prove himſelf Man, is riſen again, and aſcended into Heaven, high enough to prove himſelf God.

Draw me (dear Lord) after thee, and the Odours of thy ſweetneſs, that I may run with delight through all the Paths of thy precious and pleaſant Commands, and not Crucify thee afreſh daily, in Sinning againſt thy moſt Sacred Majeſty

And (O my dear Jeſus) carry me ſafely through this World; and when I depart let thy Angels convey me to thy bliſful Throne, to behold thy glorious Face, and Rejoyce with Thee in thy Kingdom to all Eternity. *Amen*

HYMN.

AND now, my Soul, canſt thou forget,
That thy whole Life, is one long Debt
Of Love, to him, who on the Tree,
Paid back the Fleſh he took for thee?
Lo, how the Streams of precious Blood
Flow from Five Wounds into one Flood,
With theſe he Waſhes all thy Stains.
And buys thy Eaſe with his own Pains.
Live, O for ever live, and Reign,
Bleſs'd Lamb, whom thine own Love hath Slain:
And may thy loſt Sheep live to be
True Lovers of thy Croſs and Thee.

The Concluſion.

SING Hallelujah to our Lord,
Who Nobly entertains
His Friends with Bread of Life; and Wine
That iſſu'd from his Veins,
He gave his Body to be broke,
And unto Death to bleed,
That we his Sacred Blood might drink,
And on his Fleſh might feed.
A bitter Cup with Terror fill'd:
He drank off for our Sake,
That we might of thoſe heavenly Sweets,
His Table yields, partake.
O ſave us, Lord, to thee we Cry,
From whom all Bleſſings ſpring,
We on thy Grace alone rely,
Alone thy Glory Sing.
For, 'tis not this alone, or that
Thou haſt beſtow'd on me,
But all I have, and all I hope,
I have, and hope from thee;
And more I have, and more I hope,
Than I can ſpeak, or think;
Thy Bleſſings firſt refreſh, then fill,
Then overflow the Brink.
Jeſus, ſweet Jeſus, is thy Name
My Heart ſhall ſtill adore;
Sweet Jeſus is the Charming word,
That doth my Life reſtore.
Live then O Chriſt, O Lamb of God!
Thy Throne eſtabliſh'd be,
For ever may all Hearts and Tongues,
Sing Praiſes unto thee.
Now Glory to th' Eternal Lord,
Thrice bleſſed *Three* in *One*,
Thy Name at all times be ador'd,
Till time it ſelf be done.

MA 50

FINIS